

Monster Mash

*'17 Halloween prompt
challenge - I*

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Monster Mash by delibell

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Genre: F/M, Fluff, Halloween, Loser's Club, Richie Is A Little Shit, no bad thingsTM

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Reader, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris, You

Relationships: Richie Tozier/Original Female Character(s), Richie Tozier/Reader, Richie Tozier/You

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Summary:

Richie asks his classmate, (Name), to the school dance.

Monster Mash

Author's Note:

this is written for @superwolfiestar 's (on tumblr) "Beauty and the Beast Halloween prompt challenge"! i'm so sad i couldn't make it for the first days (i was too busy), but now i finally have a moment to spare so here it is. i love the losers club in a completely platonical way, so i don't want to put explicit romance. just kids being kids. i thought it was cute. this is day 3 and prompt costume. starting quote from a.carter

Nights of October, of frail sickle moons, when the earth conceals the shinning accomplice of assassins in its shadow, to make everything all the more mysterious. The nights swallow the day in the blink of an eye; the walk to school and back is long and tedious and you often, on such cold and eerie evenings of stillness, find yourself turning a corner away from your home to knock on Richie Toziers door.

You are afraid of the dark, of the vast unknown that lies in it; the contours of Derry seem to blur when the sun hides behind the horizon, only twinkling stars and pale street lights shinning the way home. Choir practice always takes so long, it eats up your day and you only leave when it's already dark. You sleep with a night-light on – why? Shouldn't kids your age be free of night terrors? You aren't, and why exactly you can't recall. So with your backpack strapped over your shoulder, lean arms hugging your jacket closer as you watch smoke manifest from your breath, in a quick pace you turn to Richie's house until your parents can come pick you up from work.

Richie never minds. In fact, on rare occasions when he doesn't feel like being a complete dick he actually smiles and informs you that he made cocoa, instead of simply saying 'Hey, (Name)!'. His house is always a bit chilly, and wordless, after you drop your bag by the door and it clicks shut, you bee line up the stairs to his room. He brings you a quilt from downstairs and the two of you spend the time in the warmness of real wool and pleasantries of bitching about Henry and

his gang of sickos.

"I'm excited." You say as you blow onto your drink; you hold the ceramic cup in your palms and it burns the skin, almost in a tickling way, "Halloween is just around the corner."

"Don't you mean Hellopeen?"

You give him a look, but don't say anything – this is Richie 'Trashmouth' Tozier after all, and Richie would not be Richie if he didn't say a dick joke every two to three minutes (occasionally – seconds), "I mean," You tilt your head upwards, lick your bottom lip and taste the lasting cooling drops of cocoa from them. Your gaze flies around his room in thought, "Aren't you?"

"Well..." He scratches his head, "What's the word for when you're like horny but not in a sexual way, like I'm horny for Halloween but I don't want to fuck a pumpkin, you know?"

You blink, "Richie, I think the word you're looking for is also 'excited'. And, I can tell why. Last year you were having a field day picking out a costume and tricking small kids into giving up their candy."

"Excuse me – *tricking*?!" He exclaims over-dramatic, "Lies and deceit. Also, that wasn't me. That was *Mr. Give-My-Your-Fucking-Candy*. Ancient curse. Heard he only comes out on Halloween night to spook the easily spookable."

You giggle, "I clearly recall you telling a kid his mother didn't love him."

Richie shrugs, "It was probably true, too."

There is a brief pause and your carefree smile falls. Perhaps reciting that memory wasn't the best idea, after all, Richie's own relationship with his mother is not the best. He didn't talk about it often, if at all, but everyone in Derry pretty much already knew. Trying to shy away from the subject as quickly as possible, you perk "So!" You say, a bit too enthusiastic and he jerks, "I was thinking we could do matching costumes."

There is an unusually long pause, at least unusually long for Richie Tozier as he stares at you unblinking and with really no thought in mind. Finally, slowly, almost mechanically he slides his glasses up his nose and is about to say something but you cut him off, “Wow, Richie Tozier being quiet for five secs straight?”

Richie bounces back immediately with a snort, “Secs...”

“Richie!”

“Ugh, alright, fine, let’s...let’s do matching costumes...or whatever...” He mumbles the last part into his drink, staring somewhere over your shoulder the whole time. You nod happily and fall back into his bed, hunched over the cocoa with a safe cocoon around you. The happy, though soft, grin soon falls from your face as you glance out the window – pitch black, like a blank screen that reflects ghostly forms of you and him, enriched by the lamp light. You then look at the clock, 8:30 am., and wonder when will your parents arrive to retrieve you. After you get home there is a pile of homework to be done, then you’ll need to braid your hair for the night so it would turn into Hollywood curls while you sleep, brush your teeth, update your diary on today’s events. You already see it: *Dear Diary, today Richie succumbed under pressure and we will get matching costumes for Halloween. Not sure of what yet, but it’s going to be a fucking hoot! Also, Shelly stole my—*

“(Name)?” His voice weavers and for a heart stopping moment you thought Bill is in the room and you forgot to say hello; your eyes shoot to the bedroom door but it remains closed, untouched. You then look at him and your heart does a pleasant little jump of surprise. Richie had put his cup down, glanced away a couple of time with a hint of nervousness reflecting from his thick glasses. He suddenly springs into action; the chair he sat on squeaks and rolls a few steps back. He plops down next to you and your drink dots the flat of your hand, but doesn’t spill any further. “So, like, it’s not a big deal or anything, but if we’re going to be in matching costumes, does that mean...We’re going to the Monster Mash at school?” He finishes with a high note, one that would imply hope if you paid closer attention.

Your brows knit together, “*Monster Mash?*” You recite. He nods. You

give him a gentle smile, “Oh, *of course* not! I know you hate it, so—“

“*Oh yeah*, totally hate it, it’s for chumps.” He hurriedly agrees, “But, if you want to- *I mean*, since we’re already...going to be *together* in... costumes, *I—*“ He gulps, “Wouldn’t mind taking my main bitch out.”

“*Richie...*” You give him a tired look.

“What?! I’m serious!” He defends, “If you want to go I’ll take you.”

“But only couples go to the Monster Mash...” You trail off, “That, and, well,” You grin, “*chumps.*”

Richie gulps, “Yeah, *so?* Like, I totally *do not* want to go, but if you want to I guess I can grant you this *one* wish this *one* time.” He crosses his arms over his chest and shrugs, inspecting the hole in his jeans right at the side of his knee, “It’s not like I have anything better to do, plus you always wanted to go, so—“

“Okay.” You say.

He whips his head to you so fast you wonder how he didn’t get whiplash, “Really!? *I-I* mean, yeah, cool.” He nods, “But I will not like being there with you. *At all.*”

A light blush pinches your cheeks and with a soft smile you glance at your drink; there is sudden warmth within you, and for some strange reason you doubt it has anything to do with the delicious cocoa or the quilt hugging your shoulders. Thinking now, all your plans you had in mind to do once you returned home, one specifically stood out. You’ll have to drastically fix the starting sentence of the newest entry.

Dear Diary, I tricked Richie into taking me to the Monster Mash.